

## The Hatchling

by Revanhun

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-05-18 22:13:56

Updated: 2014-05-18 22:13:56

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:46:24

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,390

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A oneshot set in the faniverse of my fanfic, Ways of Fate. A short tale about Night Fury who has every reason not to like Skills, happens to find a Skrill hatchling...

## The Hatchling

**\*\*A/N:** This little story is the courtesy of my editor, The Unfocused One. ( [u/4584470/The-Unfocused-One](http://u/4584470/The-Unfocused-One) ) So if you guys like this just half as much as I do, go send him one metric tone of PMS of "thankyou"s and "giveusmoar"s! :D\*\*

**\*\*This story was referenced in Part Two - Chapter Nine. So those of you who wondered, let's see the details!\*\***

**\*\*Timeline-wise, this is set a few years after Part One of Ways of Fate.\*\***

**\*\* [s/10055424/1/Ways-of-Fate](http://s/10055424/1/Ways-of-Fate)\*\***

**\*\*Enjoy!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The Hatchling<p>

Lohengrin flew silently above the trees, surveying the southern border of Clan Toemnir, looking for anything out of the ordinary. He used these times of survey as a time for relaxation, just flying for the simple joy of flight, alone with his thoughts for a short while before returning home. The vast plains stretching out for hours of flight ahead of him relaxed his mind, as his wing muscles worked out the pent-up annoyance he had to endure during his daily troubles of directing a clan of more than seventy dragons. After all the tedious day-to-day issues, he learned to treasure these moments of peace.

Slowly finishing his patrol, he descended towards his favourite spot

at a nearby river for a quick drink before going home. Upon quenching his thirst his ear plates perked up as he heard a small, rustling noise coming from the bushes behind him.

When he turned around he was met with a surprising sight. At the edge of the small clearing, curled in a tight ball with tail tucked to his side and trying to cover himself with his wings, he saw a Skrill hatchling who couldn't have been more than three winters old, staring back at him.

A Skrill's presence in his territory set a number of alarms at the back of his mind, but he quickly decided to push them away. Looking around the riverbank and the surrounding clearing, Lohen made sure that they were alone before speaking up in his friendliest tone.

"Hey there little one" he saw the hatchling flinch and try to curl tighter, starting to tremble. "I'm not going to hurt you. Where are your parents?"

All he got in response was a muffled whimper.

Sighing inwardly he tried again, this time, crouching down so his eyes would be in level with the hatchling's.

"I'm sure your mother and father are worried about you." Seeing that he wasn't getting anywhere he decided to try something else. "A few winters ago I was out on my daily rounds, when my mate came rushing up to me in a panic, crying that she couldn't find our son. I remember the dread I felt, how worried I was, how I couldn't help but fear the worst" As he told his story he could see the little hatchling start to relax. "We looked everywhere, the main cave, the healer's den, the Great Aspen, we even checked the hunting grounds." It was at that moment that Lohengrin heard a small voice.

"D-did you find him?" the hatchling asked shyly, curiously peeking at him from behind his wings.

"Thankfully, we did!" Lohengrin said with a smile. "And do you know where we found him?"

The hatchling, slowly letting go of his fear, now looked up at Lohengrin with hints of fascination and wonder.

"We found him not far from this very spot. My mate and I were so very happy and relieved that we had found him."

"Why was he out here all alone?" the hatchling asked curiously.

"He wandered off and got lost when he was supposed to be sleeping. My little son tends to favour the promise of adventure over staying still, so he decided to explore the lands on his own." Having got the little dragon to open up, Lohengrin decided it was his turn to ask some of his own questions. "Tell me little one; why are you out here all alone?"

The hatchling looked down and quietly said: "I... I wandered away from the group... and then I got lost."

\_"How long have you been out here?"\_

\_"Since midday." \_

Lohengrin looked up to the sky and saw that it was nearly sundown.  
\_"Well then, we best be getting you back to your family. But first I think you need something to eat, wait right here and I'll get something for you quickly."\_

A few minutes later Lohengrin returned with a rabbit clenched in his jaws, which he placed in front of the hatchling. The little dragon looked from the rabbit to Lohengrin.

\_"What about you?"\_

\_"This is all for you."\_ Lohengrin smiled "You probably haven't eaten anything for a while\_" As if in response Lohengrin heard the young dragon's stomach growl.

\_"T-thank you." \_he mumbled, and shifted forward to sink his teeth into the prey.

While the hatchling ate, Lohengrin sat silently with his tail curling around his legs. Staring towards the direction of the sunset, his thoughts wandered away. If someone would've told him a few years ago, that one day, he's going to feed a Skrill hatchling he would have not believe a word of it.

Skrills and Night Furies were not friendly towards eachother for many reasons, most of them dated back ages. Usually, when the two kinds met, it resulted in violence, and he himself had to suffer because of this. His own youth was ruined by Skrills, and he was sure that his actions against them caused lots of hatred amongst the members of a particular drove of Skrills. Lohengrin had no idea which one this little hatchling belonged to, but he decided it didn't matter. Now he has the chance to do something which could start to heal the deep wounds of both sides. Of course he didn't think that this one act of goodwill could immediately result in radical changes, but as Elder Zorhen used to say:

\_"Sometimes, all it takes is a pawful of snow down the mountain slope to create an avalanche."\_

His thoughts were dragged back to the here and now by the happy purring of the hatchling, who almost completely cleared away the rabbit.

\_"Better?"\_ Lohengrin asked with a friendly smile.

\_"Much, thank you." \_the hatchling nodded.

\_"Now, let's get you back to your family."\_

\_"Ummm... I-I don't know how to get back."\_ the little one said sadly, dropping his head again.

\_"Don't worry about that, climb on."\_ Lohen told to him confidently as he extended a wing to allow the hatchling to climb up on his back. The hatchling carefully crept on to him.

\_"You ready? Hold on tight."\_ Lohengrin leapt into the air and began flying further south, where he suspected the nomadic Skrill drove would reside.

The sun had set by the time the hatchling recognized the main river that ran through his clan's resting area.

\_"That's it! Down there!"\_

\_"Alright, I'll drop you off downstream so all you need to do is follow it."\_

Lohengrin slowly descended in wide circles, and landed almost silently then let the small dragon off his back. He jumped off, and turned back to him with happiness gleaming in his eyes.

\_"Thank you for helping me get back home!"\_ he said.

\_"You're welcome little one, now run along home and try not to scare your family by running off again."\_ Lohengrin replied with a smile, the turned away, not wanting to overstay his welcome in these dangerous lands.

\_"Wait!"\_

Lohengrin turned back to the hatchling.

\_"Yes?"\_

\_"Umm... What's your name?"\_

He couldn't help but chuckle.

\_"I am Lohengrin, son of Siegfried."\_ he said the traditional introduction\_ "And yours?"\_

The little hatchling stood up, opening his wings a bit to mimic a proud stance which he undoubtedly learned from his parents.

\_"My name is Suwaroc, son of Ozayr."\_ he said very seriously, then continued with a grateful smile \_"I'll never forget you Lohengrin, thank you again."\_

\_"Take care of yourself, Suwaroc."\_ Lohengrin whispered, as he saw him bounding off towards home.

During the flight back towards home Lohengrin found himself wondering if their paths would ever cross again. Only time would tell, the Ways of Fate are unforeseeable.

End  
file.